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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

Founded 1810

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Notes.

ONE of the hardest lessons in life to learn is to conserve and direct our powers aright. It is only when we realise that this world, its affairs, and our little part in them are divinely governed, that we begin to live, and the more we learn the more truly are we conscious that we are but agents, more or less responsive to a higher will.

An Easter service was held in our little church on Sunday, 19th April. The Rev. J. S. Carswell our Chaplain officiated. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and plants. A solo, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" was finely rendered by Miss Kerr, Assistant Matron, Ladies' Division.

The students of Dr. Oswald's University Class including quite a number of ladies, were present at the last of our

weekly dances on 30th April. The number of the dances was augmented for the occasion and all seemed to enter heartily into the dancing. It is a pleasure to have the students here, their breezy enjoyment is quite infectious. Mr. Henry Yellowlees and Miss Yellowlees were among the visitors.

The Staff Dance was held on 5th May, and as on former occasions proved a very enjoyable function. The 4th and 5th of May were the days set apart for the Medico-psychological examinations. Those who had passed through the ordeal must have enjoyed the dancing on the evening of the 5th all the more on that account. Dr. Hotchkis who acted as examiner, was present at the dance, adding to the evening's enjoyment.

Dr. Schlomka has been succeeded as Clinical by Mr. Morgan. We understand that Dr. Schlomka is at present

on a voyage to the East. Mr. Morgan is proving a useful member of the cricket eleven.

Cricket was resumed on the first Saturday of May. The team this season is fairly strong and they have already won their first two matches. Attendants Flynn and Marsden are useful additions to the bowling and batting strength. The bowling-green season was inaugurated on the second Saturday of May. Mr. John Graham one of our directors brought out a side and succeeded in defeating two rinks of G.R.A. players. There has been quite a revival of Tennis, several of the ladies and gentlemen being quite enthusiastic over the game. It is pleasant to watch the games, some of the sets being carried to a close finish. Croquet has also its devotees; the lawns are in capital order.

The first swallow of the season was seen in the grounds on 2nd May, though a couple of peewits were seen flying northward on 2nd April. For the first time two pairs of rooks have built their nests in the Main Avenue. The corn-crakes mentioned in our notes last autumn, have again returned to their old nesting ground on Seabstown. We heard them on 14th May for the first time this season. Pied anglets were noticed feeding on the bowling green on 18th April. The first viola made its appearance in the garden on 7th April.

Sister Stevenson, Assistant Matron, Gentlemen's Division, having been appointed Matron of Chapleton Reformatory for Girls, left on 14th May to take up that appointment. Sister Stevenson has been here about two years and has shown much aptitude and earnestness for and in the work she has done. We wish her every success in her new position, for which we consider her well adapted.

In the Ladies' Division we understand Miss Kerr is proving a useful

Assistant Matron, her musical talents have proved quite an acquisition, not only in the Division, but also throughout the concert season just closed.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Fraser, Senior Commissioner, Dr. M'Pherson again visited us on 25th and 26th March. We regret exceedingly Dr. Fraser's illness, and hope he may soon be restored to health. There are many here, and throughout braid Scotland, to whom he has indeed proved a friend in need.

On 10th June, Mr. J. W. Henderson brought out a cricket eleven of ladies and gentlemen, to play a Gartnavel eleven, four of whom were ladies. Gartnavel were all out for 34 runs, Mr. Henderson's eleven making 56 runs during their innings. On going in a second time Gartnavel made 49 runs, so that the teams were fairly well matched. The gentlemen had to bat, and field, and bowl with left hand, the result at times causing much laughter. Tea was served on the lawn. We hope the team will return again before the season is over, as their visit afforded much pleasure.

We understand that Miss Darney is at present in Vienna. We hope later on, in the GAZETTE, to learn something of her experiences in Austria. In the final voting for the appointment of Medical Superintendent of Inverness Asylum, the two names submitted were, Dr. Shaw, our Senior Assistant, and Dr. M'Kenzie, Senior Assistant, Aberdeen Royal Asylum. As the number of votes for each applicant was equal, it was only by the chairman's casting vote that the appointment was given to Dr. M'Kenzie. Better luck next time. Dr. Shaw will make an excellent Superintendent when his time comes.

EDITOR.

Youth lasts far longer than the young imagine.

Easter Sunday.

EASTER Sunday morning broke cold and grey with a north east wind, later, the sun pierced the clouds and the day was clear and bright with a cold snap in the wind. Northward, from the housetop, one could see Ben Lomond through the gap between Dungeyne and the Kilpatrick Hills, its north shoulder coated with snow. The outlines of the Campsie and Kilpatrick Hills stood out clearly, the glacier-scarred fells near Dungeyne distinctly visible and the fire-scarred tops of the Kilpatrick Hills showed where the farmers had burned the faggage and heather so that the new growth might be available for the sheep. Southward lie the valley of the Clyde and the Renfrewshire Hills, with the peak of Goat Fell just showing on the sky line. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and plants, and at the service, the Easter Hymns and a fine rendering of the solo, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," followed by a sermon from our Chaplain, on our Risen Lord's question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" constituted a service wholly beautiful.

After service we enjoyed a walk with two friends, returning through the cricket field. The chestnuts were bursting into leaf, and the willows already yellow-green. The russet-coloured buds of the limes were ready to burst, and the flowers in the garden only held back by the cold wind and want of rain, for it is seed-time, and the fields are brown and dry. But when seed-time is ended the south wind will bring rain, and leaf and flower will unfold in genial sunshine, and the promise of Spring once more be fulfilled.

EDITOR.

Beset by Meteors.

DETAILS have reached Plymouth of a steamer's marvellous escape. According to Captain Benkert, the Dutch steamship *Ocean*, which has

arrived at Philadelphia, barely escaped destruction by a meteor weighing many tons. The vessel was almost enveloped by huge waves following the impact of the aerolite with the sea, and many of the crew became ill from the effects of the gas, which, Captain Benkert declares, would have asphyxiated them had they not sought shelter below decks. The gas remained in the atmosphere for more than fifteen minutes, and when the captain and his men ventured on deck they found it covered with peculiar brownish powder which fell from the sky.

Then followed, according to Captain Benkert, a shower of blazing meteors, which began to fall about the vessel in an alarming fashion, the phenomenon lasting several minutes. The sea about became phosphorescent, and, as far as the eye could see, dazzling objects of every colour danced about on the sea. The remarkable sight, according to the log of the *Ocean*, was witnessed at three o'clock in the morning of March 4, while the steamer was in latitude 39.59 north and longitude 71.27 west.

The Cricket Eleven.

FOR service on the cricket field, Glasgow Royal Asylum have this season an exceptionally strong side, and visiting teams will have to bring along their very best if they wish to win. Glasgow C.C. understand that, and on Saturday took the same eleven as put up such a good fight last year. However, the visitors never had a look in. The ground team elected to bat first, and enclosed with 124 for three wickets on the board. The "Scribes" fell for a total of 20 runs. Although the wicket was a trifle cut up, and the light none of the best, this was a miserable total for such batting strength. It was a defeat indeed, but the victims picked up a few wrinkles in fielding and placing the field that should serve to avert such a result for a long time to come.

(From Glasgow Citizen.)

The Tunnel.

(A GARTNAVEL MYSTERY AND HOW IT
STRUCK A STRANGER.)
(Concluded.)

It was however on yet another occasion that we came to the knowledge of the great extent of The Tunnel.

The sylph who at that date resided at and presided over the building at the eastern extremity of this piece of engineering, once kindly permitted us—in order to save our best toggery from a drenching—to traverse The Tunnel from its extreme eastern end. When saying adieu she expressed, in her own charming manner, the hope that “having got in at the one end we should emerge safely from the other.” This sounded slightly ominous, especially as her maid when unlocking the door repeated the same friendly wish though in other terms and dialect. “Well, if I stick I can only die of starvation in The Tunnel, that’s all!” was the nettled response; and off we set in the high spirit of free investigation.

For some time all went well, but on reaching the bottom of a flight of stone steps, a closed door stared us in the face. There was a large pane of dim glass in the door, and after wrestling unsuccessfully with the handle we sat down on the lowest step and gazed at the pane as the one point of hopeful outlook. We recalled the words of Rhoda: “There are different ways of getting in,” adding the inference: therefore, different ways of getting out, but also alas! of not getting out. Was it to be a case of starvation after all, while the waves of plenty, far behind, in the shape of the mid-day meal, were now flowing over the well-filled halls we had traversed ere entering The Tunnel—“return” if not “aid preventing!” In the midst of these dismal reflections, and of efforts after philosophic patience, the sound of advancing footsteps and a shimmering light behind the pane roused us to action.

We executed a vigorous tattoo with our knuckles on the horribly thick glass. Had that passer-by been deaf he must have heard or at least felt the vibrations of that drumming, for we were resolved rather to lie stranded there all day than turn back ignominiously and face the railery of the sylph.

But our man of the key was not deaf, he did not turn off abruptly at the angle where he had a means of egress (the grand, legal, court way in fact) and leave us to languish. No; clad in snowy linen and rich in smiles, he stood at the now open door, and, busy man though he was, exchanged with us some delightful musical ideas, very reviving to the once imprisoned soul; for our turnkey, he it known, was a rare tenor, and one possessed of solid as well as poetical musical knowledge.

We then pursued, and rapidly, our way, reflecting as we did so, on Jean Paul’s remark: “He that stumblleth but falleth not, mendeth his pace;” an observation that is true of other obstacles than those the foot strikes against. A second reflection as we “mended our pace,” and, like the brook, “wound about and in and out” was: a tunnel may be a place of difficulty and of deliverance. There, too, fortune favouring, one may pick up or, as Longfellow beautifully expresses it, “gather from the pavement’s crevice” pleasant suggestive germs of thought, as on this occasion.

Many, since that day, are the adventures we have had in the tunnel! Once, after an evening festival in the Hall, when flying alone through its depths to make up for blamable lingering—listening to the tones of our poet—who should we hurry up against in the dim but not very religious light (if that means stained-glass and sunshine)—who but the Lord Warden of the Castle himself! Now, in such circumstances that’s the right man, it seems to me, to fall in with—not to fall out with! “He, being the keeper of the keys, can let you out (of Gartnavel) if

he please.” And, although on this occasion he did not please, he gave a hearty Christmas handshake and immediately secured a good convoy in gentle Nurse C. and friends. So thus you see, a friendly place may be The Tunnel! But there remains yet one other quality—rather an unexpected one—that blossomed out in the cold month of December, 1903, in that curious place. A musical treat of singular beauty and perfection had just been given in the Hall by one whom we have since heard more than once there, and hope to hear and see in our midst again. Gifted Madame B—M—had fulfilled her engagement. She had instructed and cheered and charmed us all. But ah! she is a lady who right well understands what Mr. Morrison in his pleasant booklet has so happily named “The Doctrine of the Second Mile” the “Going with him twain.” Her duty over, and she had given richly, there was still “something to give.” How graciously, how sweetly she gave it, those who were privileged to hear her have testified to us. While being conducted by our Matron (of the west) through The Tunnel, there was introduced to her, as a valued member of The Gartnavel Dramatic Company, one who for four seasons had acceptably filled the rôle of leading tenor in the four most popular dramatic works of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The tenor made the remark that, numerous as had been the vocal illustrations to the lecture on Sir Arthur Sullivan’s music, one solo, a great favourite of the speaker’s, had not appeared among them.

“Now, which is that?” saith, brightly, Lady Bountiful. And, learning the title, there poured down the echoing passage, and without preamble, the delicious notes and lovely rhythm of “Take a pair of sparkling eyes.” That ended, the delightful *recherché* audience of two were treated to an equally remarkable “warble” by the fascinating nightingale.

Come then, oh come as thrice before,
With gifts so sweet, so rare,
And down The Tunnel all will pour
To hear thee, lady fair!
Thy voice The Tunnel’s value did
enhance,
And, in a moment, stamped it with
graciousness!

And now by way of summary: for probably our readers think we have made about enough of our subject; although the tribes no more “go up” to Sunday-Services, having now their little church on the hill-side to repair to, many a gaily befethered and adorned bevy of maids and matrons swarms along The Tunnel to the popular “At Homes,” the Grand Monthly and the lesser Weekly Concerts, the Christmas Fancie-Dress Dance, The Staff Balls Tableaux, Lantern Lectures, and other improving or amusing entertainments. And when “Down the Tunnel!” echoes along these western “Galleries” at eventide or by day, the words convey no longer to our more hopeful and better instructed ear an alarming, but rather a very cheery, joyful meaning. The Tunnel!—why, do not the lifts bring up daily our means of subsistence from thence? Does not the Cook—that perfectly indispensable autocrat—assisted by her pink-robed maids, practise all the year round her arts and sciences in its depths? Cannot East and West pass and repass, in all weathers, by means of it, without having to brave the tempest on the terraces? Yes, the dreariness and mystery have vanished, and a place of usefulness, interest, adventure, friendliness, one closely connected with knowledge, poetry and music, rises up in our imagination or memory at sound of the well-known welcome evening call:—“There’s the bell!—Quick!—Down The Tunnel!”

CRANSTON.

The proud man is as he really is, the vain man pretends to be what he is not.
Our imagination is superior to our memory—hence the danger of lying.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

At Tarnas on the Linda river,
In country near the Never-Never;
I had been stationed for a while,
Using water like the flooded Nile,
In fact some deleterious matter,
Was poisoning the erstwhile pure water.

The creek from which the water came,
Was not big enough to have a name;
Its source was some four miles away,
Across a flat, where one fine day,
I bogged Gladiator, my horse,
We struggled through not much the worse.

To find the cause of the pollution,
And for the problem a solution,
I took a station-hand along,
Who was in physique pretty strong;
Through scrub o'er grass we held our way,
The effort was no mere child's play.

We traced the creek, and up it went,
Until we came upon a tent,
'Twas empty, but seeing the mess
Of food, we did not need to guess;
Chinamen!—we'd solved the matter—
Washing for gold with the water.

We found them working at a place,
With all complete even to tail-piece,
Some half a dozen Chinamen;
The problem was, what to do then,
As when we tried to force their hand,
They answered, "We no understand."

In haste a man rode off next day,
To Cromwell, twenty miles away,
To see the sergeant of police;
Cross a Chinese, you're on thin ice—
That very night a dog came back,
Across his head a hatchet back.

Machled rode up with two police,
The Chinamen were bland and nice,
He ordered them to quit the spot,
Or he'd arrest the "something" lot;
The game was up and they caved in,
With much gesticulation and din.

The Chinese cleared, so did the water,
That is how we solved the matter;
But for some time we were afraid,
The pigstails might the station raid,
Or worse, as there were more about,
That they might try to burn us out.

When dealing with the sin Chinese,
It does not pay to be too free,
For though his smile seems bland and kind,
You cannot tell what's in his mind,
And should you try to force his hand,
He'll answer, "Me no understand."

Editor.

Pompeii:
A Passing Impression.

There are few things in the world better calculated to astonish and impress the traveller than a visit to the ruins of Pompeii. It is not that it was an important town, nor because it has any claim to great antiquity. There are many cities remaining to day far older, and much richer in tradition. Damascus is one of the most ancient sites in the world. You may visit it to-day, and pass along the street which is called Straight; but what you feel is, that of all you see, there is nothing remaining which the eye of St. Paul may have rested upon. You turn to Jerusalem, but if you wish to walk the streets trodden by our Saviour you must burrow 30 feet below the present level. On the other hand, you may enter within the walls of Pompeii and pass along the rutted streets. You may stand in the market place or examine in detail its numerous temples. You may peep through the narrow doorway into the shop of the baker or wine merchant, or linger within the precincts of the more notable dwelling houses, and know that you have all around you the marvellous remains of a Roman town, practically as it stood, well nigh 2,000 years ago. This is the unique charm and attraction of Pompeii. Buried under the dust and ashes from Vesuvius, it lay forgotten in all but name till 150 years ago, when the site was accidentally discovered, and now nearly one-half has been excavated.

Entering by the Marine Gate, and passing through a long, low archway, you look round and find yourself in presence of a town of one storey houses, apparently as if it had just left the builders' hands, and was waiting for the roofs, doors and windows. The narrow streets first attract attention, for they are only about 10 feet wide, paved with slabs of lava, and deeply rutted by the passage of the carriage

wheels. The narrow footpaths on either side are easily 12 inches above the street level, rather a formidable step; but for the convenience of foot passengers at the crossings, two or three blocks stand up from the street as stepping stones. These permanent blocks, nearly filling up the roadway, must have presented a serious difficulty to the passage of carriages and carts; but of these there must either have been very few, or the traffic must have been exceptionally well regulated, for in none of the streets would there be room for two to pass. You look in at one of the narrow doors upon the tiny apartment within. There is a low marble counter with a circular opening in the centre about a foot in diameter, under which stands a large 'Amphora,' or Roman jar of earthenware. This was the wine shop, and from the jar the wine was lifted in a measure, much in the same way as we vend our milk to-day. Here at the side of the street is a square trough, about a yard across and the same in depth. On the inner side rises a slab roughly decorated with something like a miniature lion's head. It is one of the public drinking fountains. The thick, square edge of the trough is worn away by the hand of the passer-by as he stopped and steadied himself; and the face of the lion, from whose mouth the water poured, is flattened and half gone through the contact of millions of parched lips. As you pass along you realise that the walls of Pompeii were not more sacred to the advertiser than they are now. Names and intimations are to be frequently observed. On one wall we read, if we translate somewhat freely, that Jones recommends Smith for the Town Council. Here on a somewhat larger scale is the baker's shop. The mills are there, like huge old-fashioned egg-cups, revolving upon a lava cone fixed in the ground. The oven door stands open, and you may actually look upon the loaves, round scones rather, blackened with

age, but preserving with perfect accuracy their shape, though kneaded over eighteen centuries ago.

This must have been the doctor's, or rather surgeon's shop, for out of it have come a surprising array of surgical instruments, a little clumsy, and mostly in bronze, but anticipating to a marvellous degree the more elaborate designs of modern times.

Then there are the public baths and gymnasium. In the court the circular lava stones are lying just as they may have been last used for rolling or putting. Alongside is the swimming pond, while under cover are the cold baths, the hot baths, and most wonderful of all, what we might be tempted to think the invention of modern refinement—the Turkish bath.

Not less interesting, perhaps, is the arrangement and construction of the larger dwelling houses. There are many of them, but when you have examined one you know them all. In the centre of a row of shops on the thoroughfare, opens a narrow passage, so obscure that save perhaps for a word of welcome such as "Salve," or a note of warning such as "Cave canem," in Mosaic on the threshold, you would not observe it. Yet this is the usual entrance or vestibule of the house. Traversing this covered-in passage you emerge again into the open, and in the square court in front of you, you have in reality, what long could only be pictured in imagination from the somewhat obscure Roman descriptions. It is the hall of the house—the atrium. In the centre stands the tank—the impluvium—into which the water from the roofs drained. On the right hand and the left are half a dozen tiny rooms, the sleeping apartments of the household. Facing you at the opposite side of the hall, and roofed over, are the reception rooms. Passing through these you emerge upon another, and usually larger open court—the Peristylum. In the centre is a rectangular fish pond, surrounded by flower plots,

which are ornamented with pieces of statuary in bronze or marble. A range of columns on the right and left forms the peristyle, supporting the roof, under which a shelter might be obtained from sun or rain. Facing you on the opposite side of the peristyle stood the dining room, on one or other side of which was usually placed the kitchen. The dining room is small, according to our ideas, but richly coloured and artistically adorned, the colour and decorations copied and reproduced, as the best that can be offered even in our days. The kitchen has its wonderful array of pots and pans in copper, and the open rectangular brazier, in which the charred remnants of the charcoal, extinguished so many centuries ago, still lie.

We have not spoken of the Temples, the Theatre, the Forum, or the Basilica; but we have mentioned a few of the things that most readily appeal to the casual visitor, sufficient perhaps to modify our modern conceit, and soften our judgment of what we are inclined to look down upon as antiquated or despise as merely pagan.

CHAPLAIN.

Now Abideth Hope.

THESE words will recall to most of us the subject of a sermon preached here a few weeks ago.

Hope, it was remarked, is a shadowless word. There are many words that are shadowed by suggestiveness, but Hope has no shadow. It is a rainbow of promise; it is a Gospel in itself. Christ is an incarnated Hope and Hope becomes to us a ministry of rest "till He come."

The subject of Hope thus treated is valuable under any circumstances, but there is a peculiar helpfulness in it here where Hope is apt to become evasive and is in danger of being altogether lost sight of in the level life that must be lived by most.

Just as in time we lose sight of the hill-tops of our ambitions; when our ideals become vague and almost entirely disappear; when our desires are unmet and our courage flies low; then even Hope herself is lost in the general wreck; and we wander aimlessly in the shallows of the valleys, forgetting the heights and sometimes neglecting to look at the sky.

In this condition any echoes of the "larger speech" that have power to stir the latent forces of the slumbering will, come with a positively redemptive value, bringing us a reminder that

"The world is not perdition, if some loss."

If Hope but abide there may still be stirrings of the old endeavours, the sleeping fires may be rekindled, and even a little advance made upward and onward. The tender leaves of Hope may burgeon forth again out of the slumbering deadness of apparent inertia and we may set out once more with "our faces set as though we would go to Jerusalem."

BERTHA WEST.

At Biarritz.

I LEFT Charing Cross on a Sunday morning in February, and took the express to Dover, where I embarked for Calais. It was a bit choppy in the channel, and I did not feel over comfortable until we got into Calais harbour; but after a little in the very comfortable *train de luxe*, which took me to Paris, I felt all right again. There is only one stop on the way, at Amiens. We arrived at Paris at 5.30 p.m., having left London at 11.30 a.m.—a pretty fast run. I had registered my baggage through to Biarritz at Charing Cross, so was not troubled with the Custom House Officers at Paris. I took a fiacre, and told the man to drive to the Paris Orleans Station. It is on the Quai d'Orsay. There I had dinner, not having eaten since leaving London. At 9 p.m. the

South Express started, and I was very comfortable, having a sleeping berth. We got to Bordeaux at 8 a.m., and Bayonne at 10.30. Biarritz is the next station, and is about two miles from the town. There was a bus from the Grand Hotel waiting, and I was soon bowling along a nice country road. I found the Grand Hotel very comfortable, and the cuisine excellent; and there were a very nice lot of Britishers there, curiously enough, some who, like myself, had been in South Africa, so we quickly chummed up.

There are two other very fine hotels in Biarritz besides the Grand Hotel, viz., the Hotel de Palais, where our King lives, and the Hotel d'Angleterre. The former was a palace built by the Empress Eugenie. There are in Biarritz a Greek Church and an English Church. A large number of Russians go there in May and June, hence the Greek Church. There is a steam tramway running to Bayonne, which is well patronised. There is also a light railway called the B.A.R. Railway, viz., Biarritz - Anglet - Bayonne Railway. At Anglet is the Convent of the Silent Sisters who, poor women, are not allowed to speak except at confession. They have a very handsome church, which I admired very much.

Bayonne is a fine old city, and has a fine cathedral which is much admired by visitors. I was present at a battle of flowers in Bayonne, and the procession was very quaint; and even the military took part in it, which struck me as rather odd. I also saw the cemetery of British officers near Bayonne. The inscriptions on the tombstones indicated that they were nearly all guardsmen killed in the Peninsular war.

One day I took a fancy to go to St. Sebastian, in Spain. It is about three hours' journey, and you have to change to a Spanish train at Irun, the frontier town, and pass the Spanish Customs Officers; but having no baggage, I was not bothered at all. St.

Sebastian is a good big town, and the royal palace a very fine building. I saw a bull fight there, but it was a sickening sight. Three bulls were killed, but none of the toreadors were injured. I had to leave in the afternoon about four o'clock to get back to Biarritz in time for dinner.

I often walked to St. Jean-de-Luz, about six miles south of Biarritz. It is a very pretty road, and lined with poplar trees on both sides. There is a fine old church there, with two models of ships hanging from the roof.

I left for home in April, via Nantes. I enjoyed my visit there very much. I got home in May, much the better for my trip.

ECCOSKRAIS.

Results of Examinations.

WE are happy to state all the candidates who presented themselves were successful in passing the examination for the Medico-Psychological Certificate in Nursing. Their names are—

Nurses—Isabella A. Helm.
Margaret C. Robertson.
Elizabeth Swanson.
Bessie W. Thomson.
Attendants—Alexander Ewing.
Louis Jenner.
Walter B. Lynas.

The following gained certificates of Proficiency in Sick-Room Cookery:—

Nurse Margaret Cochrane.
Nurse E. Grimason.
Nurse C. Macdonald.
Nurse Mary Macfarlane.
Nurse H. A. Strachan.
Nurse Catherine Walker.
Attendant Cameron.
Attendant Donald Livingston.
Attendant W. Lynas.

We are again indebted to Miss MacKirdy, Principal of the West-End School of Cookery, who gave the course and conducted the Examinations.

Wealth makes everything easy—honesty most of all.

Told at the Bar.

I WENT to Dundee Circuit with the late Tom Morris and the station-master at St. Andrews who were witnesses in a case before the Circuit Court. We got an off day, and proceeded to Carnoustie. At the links we met a young man who proposed to join us in a foursome. He and the station-master agreed to play old Tom and myself. They were not having the best of it, and after a few holes had been played, the young gentleman asked me who my partner was. I replied, "He is here in company, and his name must not be mentioned." The reply was, "He must be either Tom Morris or the devil." "Well," I said, "he is not the devil."

Lord Kincaid, when he was at the Bar, was engaged one forenoon leading evidence in a very intricate and important case before Lord Young in the Outer House of the Court of Session. Lord Young, for reasons best known to himself, proceeded to examine the witnesses *more viva*. Mr. Gloag evidently did not like this mode of procedure, while Lord Young seemed to enjoy it very much. The learned counsel got into a state similar to that of Mount Vesuvius before an eruption. The judge finished the examination of the witness, and looked steadily at Mr. Gloag for further orders. That gentleman stood swinging his eyeglasses about with great velocity, gazing steadfastly at his Lordship, when, to the amusement of those present, Mr. Gloag said, "Who is your Lordship's next witness?"

A shoemaker was once before the Court of Session, defending himself against being divested of his estate. In the course of a witty argument by Mr. Logan, the shoemaker's counsel, Lord Ardmillan remarked, "I suppose the shoemaker means to stick to his *acl*." Lord Colonsay added, "I would advise him not to part with his *last*."

Shortly after Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech on the text, "They neither toil nor spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," Mr. Darling, then Solicitor-General for Scotland, was invited by the late Lord Salisbury to Hatfield. Mr. Darling arrived early on Saturday afternoon, and as he was walking up to the house, he met two young gentlemen on the road, who immediately rushed him into a room upstairs, saying, "Have a wash, Solicitor-General, and get ready for lunch." Immediately afterwards they ushered him into the dining-room, where the family were assembling. Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, came in from his laboratory. One young lady said, "Here is Solomon in all his glory," while another exclaimed, "Sit down, Solomon, and take your soup."

Mr. Gloag was making an elaborate speech one day in the First Division of the Court of Session. Long before the learned counsel had reached the climax of his grand argument, Lord Deas showed symptoms of kicking over the traces. Several times his Lordship pointed out to the counsel the inconsistencies and absurdities of his case. Mr. Gloag got tired of these rude interruptions, and requested his Lordship to divest his mind of these feelings. Lord Deas replied, "Mr. Gloag, I can easily divest my mind of the feelings, but I cannot divest it of the facts."

ADVOCATE.

INTO FULLER LIGHT.

Yesterday I had failed in all,
Despair drew nigh;
I breathed, as deepened evening's pall,
Many a sigh.

This morn' awake with senses numb
And like to die,
Vague shadows overwhelm, and dumb,
Lured I lie.

Memory quickens, sharpest pain
To-day has brought;
Courage revives, to-morrow's gain
Is joy unsought.

ZETA.

A Summer Holiday.

WE set out for Oban, one cloudy morning in early June. Taking train to Wemyss Bay, we there boarded the "Iona" which was waiting the arrival of our train. The day was not sufficiently clear for a view and it was not till we arrived at Ardrishaig that the mist lifted and showed us the beautiful scenery behind its veil. Embarking on a little steam-boat called the "Linnet" we steamed through the Crinan Canal, enjoying the varied changes on the way; water lilies budding into flower at one point; rushes swaying in the breeze at another; graceful trees adding to the beauty of the picture, at another.

At first we were interested in the interludes of motion made by passing through the "locks" but, when we had passed through a number of them, we came to the conclusion that the voyage would have been better without them. At one of the "locks" a large collie dog that had followed the little steamer nearly all the way, narrowly escaped falling into the canal, by coming too close to the steamer, for scraps of food that were thrown on the bank, an amusement that was at once abandoned when the risk was seen.

Arriving at Crinan, we boarded the "Chevalier," on which we started by sitting down to tea which was much needed and greatly enjoyed. Going on deck immediately after it, we found a thick haze had blotted out the scenery and that rain was falling heavily so that we were not sorry when our destination—Oban—was reached.

We may quote here the following lines written by Professor Blackie on the view of Oban and bay:—

"'Tis there the steamers drive about—
My tongue is no deceiver—
Out and in, and in and out,
Like shuttles of the weaver.
'Tis now to Mull and now to Skye
And now to mouth of Clyde, sir,
Like magic steed with snorting speed
They paw the purple tide, sir."

"At Oban, on a breezy morn,
The merry bells invite you,
And on the waters you are borne
Where every turn delights you.
The wooded hill, the bright green isle,
The gleaming bay before you,
The mighty ocean's boundless swell,
The mountain nodding o'er you."

When the "Chevalier" steamed into Oban the bay was well filled with small craft, several fine steam yachts, and three large steamers gay with red and yellow freshly-painted funnels. Gulls were flying hither and thither, so numerous and so purely white against the azure, that they looked like a cloud. On reaching the pier they were dispersed by a shot from a gun, fired by an officer of the "Chevalier." Arrived at Oban we drove off to rooms that had been previously engaged for us, and soon after sat down to a generous tea. After it we started out for our first walk through Oban, saw the shops and listened to the band on the esplanade before turning in for the night.

The following morning, and on the other mornings of our stay, we generally took long walks, either to "McCaig's Tower" or "Folly," as it is called, a large, circular unfinished granite building on a hill, after the style of the Coliseum in Rome; or, to Dunstaffnage Castle where we picnicked once or twice, returning to Oban by steamer, which gave us a grand view of the mainland as we rounded the bay.

The many and varied walks in the neighbourhood of Oban make it a very desirable place for holiday making. We were much charmed with an excursion to the Castle on the Island of Kerrera. A typical old Highlander ferried us across to the Island, singing as he rowed, in a clear rich voice, a plaintive Gaelic air. We spent a pleasant afternoon on the Island, exploring the Castle, a square of ruined stones, built on the edge of a rock, which made it a lonely fortress for its unfortunate occupants in the days of Alexander III. After tea at a farm we sauntered back to the landing stage where our ferryman

awaited us, and rowed us to the pier at Oban, where we met two of our friends who had spent the day at Iona; but as they had not been admitted to the cave owing to heavy rains, they were not quite satisfied with their day's excursion, particularly as, on comparing notes, it was found that their expenses had been considerably in excess of ours, with much less enjoyment.

This ended our visit to Oban and on the following day, we were *en route* for Killin, thence to Callander, from which point we drove through the Trossachs which, after the wild grand scenery of Oban and its neighbourhood, did not appear to us so impressive.

We gave a day to Stirling, and under direction of a guide, thoroughly explored the Castle and heard a minute account of its history. We went, too, to the top of the monument, and had a magnificent view.

From Stirling we went on to Edinburgh where we met other friends who joined us in a walk over the Calton Hill. Early next morning we started out on further sight seeing, visited the Castle, Holyrood Palace, and Princes Street Gardens; thus ending a very enjoyable fortnight's holiday.—I.

Among the popular quotations which are falsely attributed to the Bible are the following:—

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey to Italy*.

"In the midst of life we are in death."
From the burial service; and this was originally from Luther.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scripture form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

"Money is the root of evil." Paul's version is: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"Cleanliness akin to godliness," not in the Bible; first used by Mr. Whitfield.

Varieties.

There was a young fellow of Rhyl,
Who cracked up the Licensing Bill;
And his uncle, who brewed,
Having said something rude,
Went straight off and altered his will.

A temperance preacher cried "Asses!
This Bill's for the good of the masses."

But he altered his mind,
When he happened to find,
That his aunt had her money in Bass's.

A loafer near Waterloo Station,
Was filled with profound consternation;

"If they knock off my beer,"
He observed, pale, with fear,
"Why, blimey, I'll die of starvation."

CULTIVATING ART.

THE gentleman from the country was busy cultivating a taste for art, so he subsidized the attendant to walk round the gallery with him and help him to supply the deficiencies in his artistic education in the minimum of time. "An' that?" asked he pointing to the group in bronze of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus. "That?" and the attendant pondered. "That? Romeo an' Juliet." "Romeo an' Juliet? What's the dog's name?"

PARLIAMENTARY SNAP.

MR. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in Australia. Not long ago, in the course of a speech, he was frequently interrupted by a snappish member named Willis. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dickens, turning to the chair, "it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity—'Barkis is willin'.' The circumstances to-day are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, 'Willis is barkin'.'" The retort was effective.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND LACE.

A NUMBER of ladies crowded into one of the passages at Westminster Hall for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the Lord Chief Justice (Campbell), who was then a celebrity of some note. As he passed his button caught in a beautiful lace berthe worn by one of his fair admirers. After a vain struggle to disengage himself Campbell deliberately took out his penknife—everybody thought for the purpose of cutting off his button and releasing the lady. Not at all. He coolly cut a hole in her handsome lace and passed on with his sweetest smile.

PLANTING HIS SEEDS.

ONE morning recently a man in New Jersey looked over his fence and said to his neighbour, "Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?" "Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all." "Seeds!" shouted the first man, angrily. "It looks like one of my hens." "Oh, that's all right," the other returned; "the seeds are inside."